#### IE DAILY DRT STORY

terwise Jessica. LOUIS RAYBOLD. 1920, by the McClure paper Syndicate.

o her letters in Sudan
on certainly needed a
re-she had been waltng for a reply to the
had sent her aunt, and
e this brief note adhead of some vocationng said head to "Please
soon as possible, an efnot too prepossess

spent her life in a tiny with her invalid father, is death from years of ectionate devotion, she

affectionate devotion, and this last wishes and writsister in New York, from had not heard in manynote requesting a secredent-but not prepossesswas an odd requirement, sica. Annt Louisa had posica. Annt Louisa had pothat matter, no husband inclination to go quest might be encouraged.
wandered idly to the
ther aunt consider her
ng to fill the bill?

d at the idea which occurred ed at the idea which occurred she jumped up, ran to the and leaned toward the mirdoing with rapid fingers her ted, softly curling hair. Drawact tightly, she twisted it into ampromising knot at the naponeck. Then pulled up about out the collar she was wearney down the corners of her and gazed at the result. "Til e cried, "and what's more, I'll

eks later Aunt Louisa, a vig iteliectual woman, sat in her terviewing a simply gowned, d young woman who had d young woman who had herself as applicant for the

only trouble," said the aunt, only trothle, said the auni, when you smile—well, you smile—well, you seithilities. To be quite frank, r young lady. I am through ractive sacretaries. With me r ward, the son of an old and although an estimable land, I may say that he has an beauty. My last secretary sections of literary blue-aved beauty. My last secretary of those flighty, blue-eyed— dolls, as they say, and—but restand what I am getting at."

an home came Slads Tremont.

If Annt Louisa had seen possi
s in Jessica, no less did Slade.

Ray, Miss Beardman, why don't

rear your hair more—more fluify
mething?" he asked the second

ase do not be personal, Mr. Tre'said Jessica, coldly. And, as
'spened before in the history
old, old world, such treatment
nite the most effective weapon
old "Miss Deborah Boardman"
have used had she wished to
him to her feet. For the first
a his young life Slade was hard

ation of running on to Bosmemon of running of to bus-m a day or two, her aunt also d to visit a friend who had a farm in the country. Jessica, n charge of the house, yielded udden whim to forget for a mo-that she was the very plain De-Recedings.

Soardman.

In to her room, she took out her rily, feminine gown, and laid it bed. Then, her eyes sparkling, dup her hair, not as she had it in the old days, but in the most daring coffure she had sed in the fashlonable city. is animated woman with the

the lace fichu—this was not the condition of Jessical This was a quite person, touched with the magic

ca ran lightly down the stairs sica ran lighty down the stairs at into the garden. For this aften she was the daughter of the She stooped to sniff a gorge-tehmond rose, which, not unlike had just burst into blossom. It in the permeating fraitfed her head, and looked into the eyes of Slade Tre-

your pardon—why, Miss u!" The look of sur-'s face became one of happy bewilderment. ul, wonderful girl. I got station and came back oved you. And Jadwa

oved you. And I adore filled with happy love " said Slade. "My

said Annt Louisa. "I for something I had for-ind more than I expected lifted a hand to ward off shing explanations. "But an I hoped. My ward has several uneasy moments— ave, Slade—and when you, rote to me, it occurred to have, Slade—and when you, wrote to me, it occurred to on might be just the wife for But how to tell if you were? It that little ruse of apparentieters. Thought I to mying girl is worth anything and use it is the chance and take a of it and I will get a light. ge of it, and I will get a light real self. Didn't you ever won-you didn't hear again, or why m wasn't filled before you

wanted Slade to see you un-least favorable circumstances, he fell in love, I would be

is, he fell in love, I would be wann't just with a pretty face, h yours is pretty enough," she ad graciously.

In thank you enough," began but her ann, perhaps not under impressible ward's hintenes and gestures toward the moved slowly away.

Lost" cried Slade, holding out ms. "Now what do you say any "Will you marry me?"

Jessica said, as she went into my was not loud enough for a nodding Richmond rose to though it reached straight to ugh it reached straight to

KING HIM USEFUL. get loaded these Volsted

gan-He does that

in-I go right to wor'rk but don't ye notice -I do that I use him serican Legion Week

#### ROSE-BEDECKED LEGHORN HAT FOR SUMMER FROCKS



New Yorks Fashion Authority.

nderstand what I am getting at the cheeks grow warm, of was being warned not to flirt this estimable young man with his ndering disposition. Firth this need why, he should be than the dust" beneath her feet er before had Jessica been so as she was in the days that fol-

A TIME FOR MODERATION. "I believe in free speech!" ex-

claimed the vociferous man. "So do I," rejoined Uncle Bill Bottletop; "so do I. But in one respect free speech reminds me of the free lunch in the old days. You hate to see a man making a pig of himself just because something's free."— Washington Star.

very distinctive.

It is to be worn with summery

is has sent over, a Bluebird hat and

Mrs. Smith—Does the baby take after your husband, Mrs. Jones?

Mrs. Jones—Yes, indeed. We have taken his bottle away from him and the other day the little darling tried to creep down the cellar steps.—Home Sector.

AFTER FATHER.

I had remearsed my little address over and over as I motored down town. But when the time came to deliver my choicely-arranged sentences, I began wrong, hesitated, stammered and stopped.

"No hurry at all, Mrs. Lorimer." Take your time, said the prosecu-

#### AFTER FATHER.

The United States has about 23,

### ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

#### The Tough Sassafras.

"Yes," Mrs. Woodchuck assured them, when the sounds of scratching and thumping came from the kitchen, "it's only Wally digging the sassafras for our tea." And she turned the flame up higher under her little copper kettle on the parior table. So Nancy and Nick and Tingaling sat down again.

"As I was saying," she went on, "Wally and I were taking a walk when..."

"Thump, thump, stratch, scratch, came the sounds again,"
"That must be pretty tough sassa fras!" remarked Tingaling, the fairy
"That must be pretty tough sassa fras!" remarked Tingaling, the fairy
landlord. 'I didn't know we had such tough sassafras in the Land-Of-

Dear-Knows-Where."
"Yes," said Mrs. Woodchuck quickly, "it is tough! Wally was just
"Yes," said Mrs. We'll certain
saying the other day, "We'll certain "Yes," said Mrs. Woodchuck quickly, "it is tough! Wally was just saying the other day, "We'll certain! y have to do something about that sassafras to tender it up." It's some thing terrible to dig."

"Well, he must be tendering it now, with a large sized shovel," said



Mrs. Woodchuck turned up the flame under her little copper kettle.

Tingaling grimly, looking suspicious ly toward the kitchen. But remembering that the Magical Mushroom was playing policement right outside the kitchen door, he sat still, feeling pretty sare that Wally couldn't get

out that way.

The fairyman was still feeling or cas at Wally for patting his children out of the house, and he was determined to make him give a very good

out of the house, and he was deter and a hard an explanation.

"Perhaps he is," Mrs. Woodchuck said, answering Tingaling's last words. "It's most annoying to have such tough sassafras. Mr. Tingaling, couldn't you ren't us a house next yeer with tender cassafras."

Tingaling started for the kitchen, then, for the sounds had stopped and still no Wally appeared.

"Perhaps I can, Mrs. Woodchuck, he said. "Nancy and Nick. you stay here a minute until I go into the kitchen and see just how tough tast sassafras is."

(Copyright, 19 20, N. E. A.)

**CONFESSIONS** OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

Ann's good sleep had cleared her brain. I envied her. My own mind

was in a whirl. As soon as we were alone in her room, Ann dropped her excited chatter about her new house and turned to

me abruptly with: "You have some plan, Jane? I know you have. What are we going to do next?"

"I'm going to see the district attorney—if you consent. And I must
say that I never expected to have to
do an errand like this one."
"The district attorney? I don't
know his business. It's sometiming
terrible, isn't it Jane?" Ann who had
been taking off her street "dross,
slumped into a chair, I wished that
she did no: have the bad habit of
coming close to a faint whenever she
was hadly frightened. Finally she
whispered:

whispered:
"What are you going to see him

"What are you going to see him for?"

"I'm going to tell him I know your name will be connected with that of Ives, that I suppose he will consult Daddy Lorimer before questioning you. Maybe I can get him to wait until Bob comes home."

"That looks like a good plan," Ann agreed. "Go ahead, Jane."

"First, I want to know if that automatic was marked in any way?"

"Sure it was. Didn't I tell you? It was movie property, you know, and it was labeled with the name of the film company for which mother works. She had it as a souvenir, I told you."

"I remember. I hope your mother will get here before the clue is developed much further. Now I'm going to put on my new white tallored suit, and see the prosecutor."

An hour later I found mystelf in a most conspicuous place. A crowd of reporters, barred from the prosecutors office, loitered in the main hall of the building. They made way for me very politely. I hadn't dreamed that I would risk any such publicity. I held my head high, hoped that no man in the crowd had ever seen me, and handed my card to the attendant in the prosecutor's outer office.

Before I knew what was happening, I found myself in the dreaded presence. I arrived before the prosecutor's so suddenly that it almost seemed that he was welcoming an expected guest. I was scared half to death unso suddenly that it almost seemed that he was welcoming an expected guest. I was scared half to death until I observed that the prosecuting attorney was standing up like an ordinary well-mannered gentleman, that he looked like any of my husband's friends, that he shock hands with me convicuously before motion. with me courteously before motion-ing me to a seat.

ing me to a seat.

I caught my breath and tried to recall what I had intended to say.

I had made up a fluent little speech before I left home. I had resolved to say just so much and no more, and I had rehearsed my little address over and over as I motored down town. But when the time came to deliver my choicely-arranged sentences, I began wrong, hesitated, stammered and

'My husband is away from home.
I had—I though best to come myself."
My words stumbled over each other.
The prosecutor bowed politely. He seemed an impassive man for one whose sole joy in life was to ask worried people disagreeable questions, I thought.

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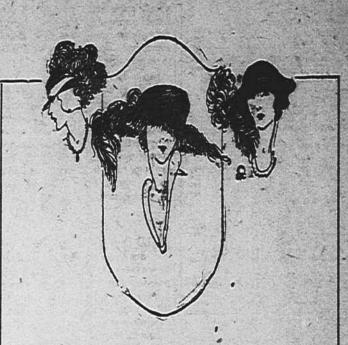
THE UNION DENTISTS Office over McCrory's 5 and 10e Store-Opp. Court House.

At last I managed to get a better thart on my orepared speech: I mow my sister-in-law's name would e connected with that of the murder-d man, that Daddy Lorimer musn't mow on account of the state of his sealth, and that my husband would soon be home to act in his father's

"Where is your husband?"

The assistant prosecutor, a small The sm
man at a side desk, put this ques- ward me.

popped a second impertinence Did you. Mrs. Larimer, Claude Ives!" I replied fiding "I did not!" I replied fiding The small man pansed lex



The new month brings forth feathers and cloth fabrics in

## Mid-Season Hats

THE more Hats in one's wardrobe the more likely one is to be referred to as well dressed. A new gathering of Mid-Season Millinery is offered and the individual beauty of each creation assures the utmost in good appearance to the fortunate woman who selects it. These new Hats are made of clipped feathers trimmed with ostrich and of velvet in combination with feathers. They are offered in several smart colors among which are jade green, navy and chong, a new and very pretty shade of deep yellow. The pricings are surprisingly moderate for new Hats of such excellent quality.

\$7.50 to \$15.00

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will be specially featured

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